

SMASH

FEBRUARY
No. 50

COMICS

10¢



You'll split
your sides
LAUGHING!
when

MIDNIGHT

introduces
**HIRAM THE
HERMIT,**
who makes the
SPHINX
look like a
chatter-box!

ALEX KOTZKY

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



HERE IS ONE OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL **OUTDOOR OFFERS**

EVER MADE TO QUALITY COMIC GROUP READERS!

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For promptness in mailing coupon and thus helping quickly to move our telescopes on hand, you will receive free this interesting and valuable airplane spotter's guide. Shows accurate silhouettes of 16 U. S. Fighters and Bombers, and 15 ENEMY WAR PLANES. Yours free of all added cost. Now, today, mail coupon.

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SMASH COMICS

Midnight

by
Paul
Gustavson



SMASH COMICS



CAN YOU BEAT THAT?!! DAVE CLARK SAID HE'D GET HIRAM THE HERMIT ONTO HIS "ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS" RADIO PROGRAM... AND DANGED IF HE HASN'T DONE IT!

WHO'S HIRAM THE HERMIT?



GABBY, SOMETIMES I THINK YOU'RE IGNORANT! HIRAM IS THE MOST FAMOUS HERMIT IN THE WORLD! HE LIVES ALL ALONE IN THE MOJAVE DESERT AND VERY FEW PEOPLE HAVE EVER SEEN HIM!

SOUNDS SILLY TO ME! CAN'T HE RENT AN APARTMENT IN THE CITY?



AND THAT ISN'T ALL! THEY SAY WHEN HIRAM THE HERMIT WAS A YOUNG FELLOW, HE FOUND THE BIGGEST DIAMOND IN THE WORLD! THAT'S WHY HE MOVED OUT TO THE DESERT... SO NOBODY COULD FIND THE DIAMOND AND STEAL IT FROM HIM!



YEP... DAVE GOT HIM TO APPEAR ON HIS PROGRAM, AND HE'S BRINGING THE DIAMOND... AND HIS PET COYOTE, OSCAR! OSCAR IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE MOST INTELLIGENT ANIMAL IN THE WORLD!

WHERE DO YOU GET THAT STUFF? I'M PRETTY SMART, AIN'T I?



I HEARD THAT LAST REMARK! HOW ABOUT HOTFOOT WHEN IT COMES TO INTELLIGENCE?

BAH! THAT FLEA BAG!



GRRRRR!

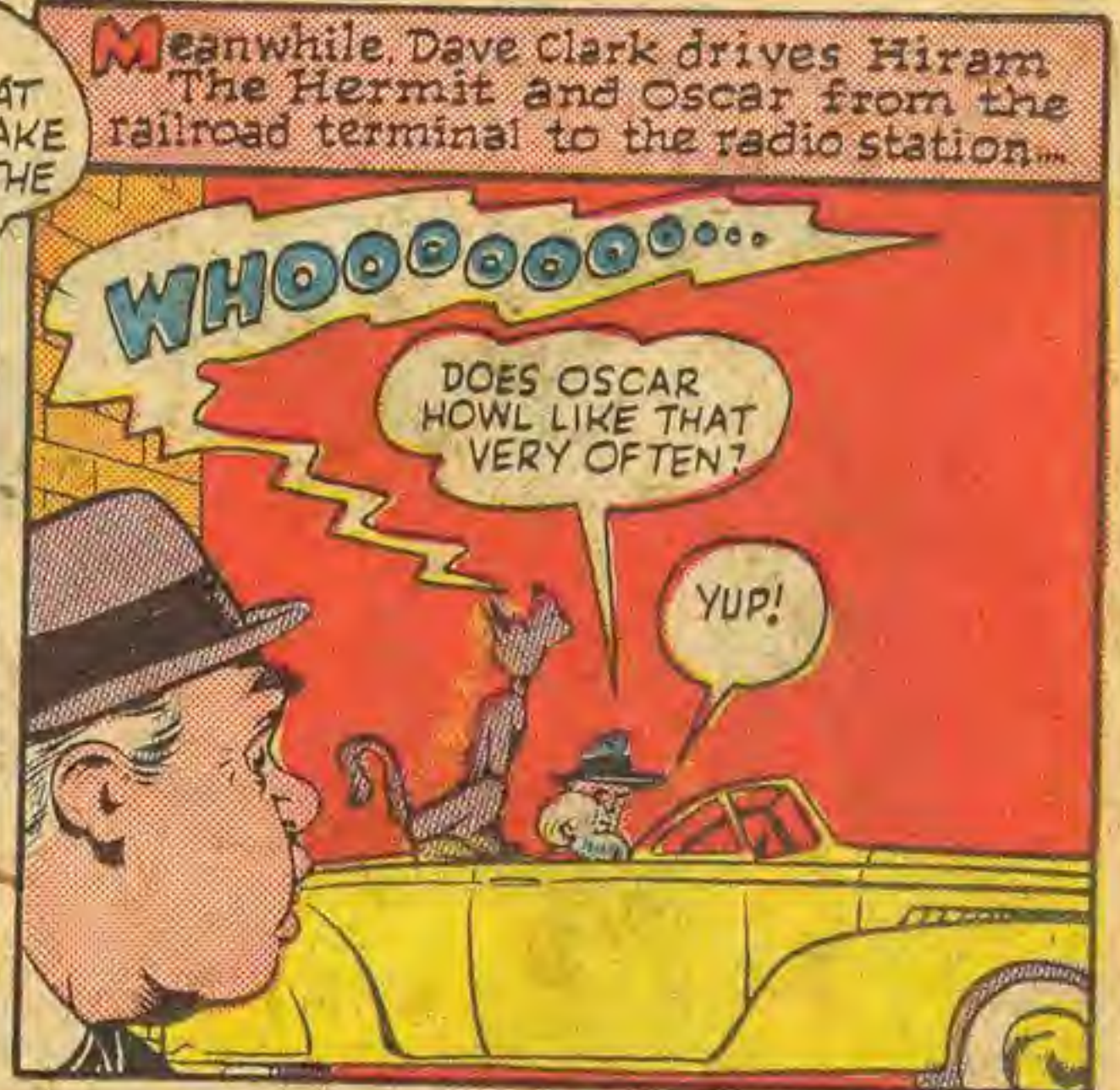
BEAT IT, BEFORE I MAKE BEARBURGERS OF YOU!



AHEM... I READ ABOUT DAVE'S PROGRAM! OF COURSE, HIRAM THE HERMIT WILL NEED A CRACK DETECTIVE AROUND TO PROTECT THAT DIAMOND! I'LL BE THERE!

AS IF ANYBODY EVER EXPECTED TO LOSE YOU!

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The radio audience has its own reaction to the --ahem-- program!





THEN WHY CAN'T YOU SHOW IT TO US? WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?

STOLEN!



STOLEN! WHO STOLE IT? WHEN? WHERE?

YUP!... DUNNO!... WHEN WE CAME IN THIS HYAR PLACE! ... LIL' WHILE AGO!



FINISH THE PROGRAM WITH SOME JIVE RECORDINGS, CHIEF! THE HIRAM-THE-HERMIT DIAMOND'S BEEN STOLEN!



COME ON, HIRAM! WE MUST DO SOMETHING! I'LL GET A DETECTIVE!



And, by the time Hiram emerges from the studio, Dave has become MIDNIGHT!

HELLO, HIRAM! DAVE CLARK TOLD ME YOU NEEDED SOME HELP RECOVERING A STOLEN DIAMOND! I'M MIDNIGHT, THE DETECTIVE!

HOWDY!



NOW, WHEN YOU CAME IN, YOU HAD THE DIAMOND... WHERE WAS IT?

IN M' PACK!



AND NOW IT'S GONE! HOW DID YOU NOTICE IT WAS GONE?

LOOKED FER SOME CHAWIN' TERBACER!

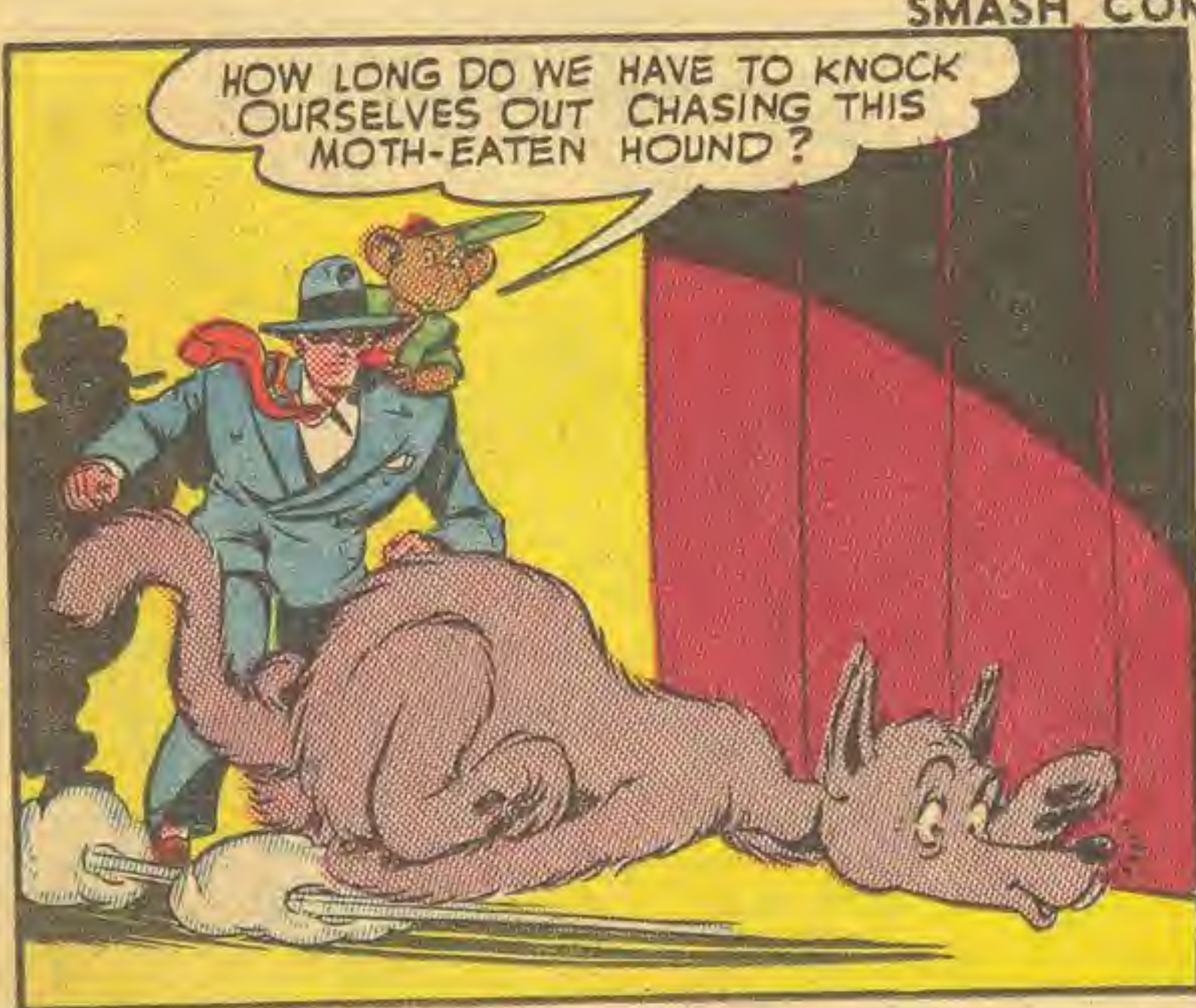


AND AFTER FINDING THE DIAMOND GONE, HE WENT RIGHT ON THE PROGRAM WITHOUT BATTING AN EYE!

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I'M GOING TO SUE --
OHHHOOO!



LOOK! HE'S
PICKED UP THE
TRAIL
AGAIN!



HEY! YOU CAN'T
DO THAT IN THIS
TOWN! ... IT ISN'T
LEGAL TO TAKE
POT SHOTS AT
RANDOM!

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Rookie RANKIN

This ambitious young policeman was assigned to the Rodeo when it came to town! ... Little did he think that it would lead to a search for gold and a skirmish with two relentless criminals!...

Read the story of OLD JIM, the prospector ... and Rookie Rankin's perilous plight in his effort to retrieve the miner's gold!...



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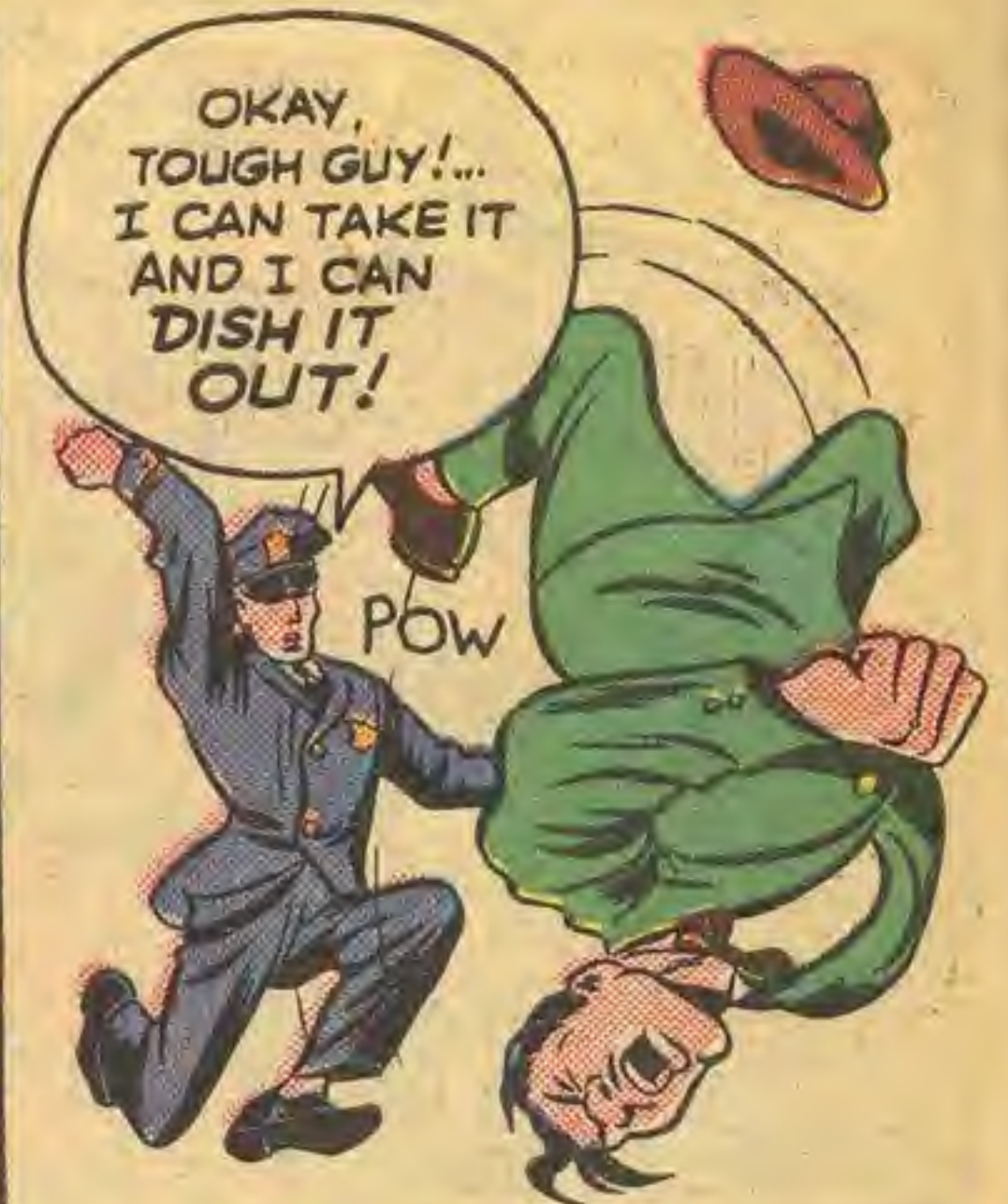


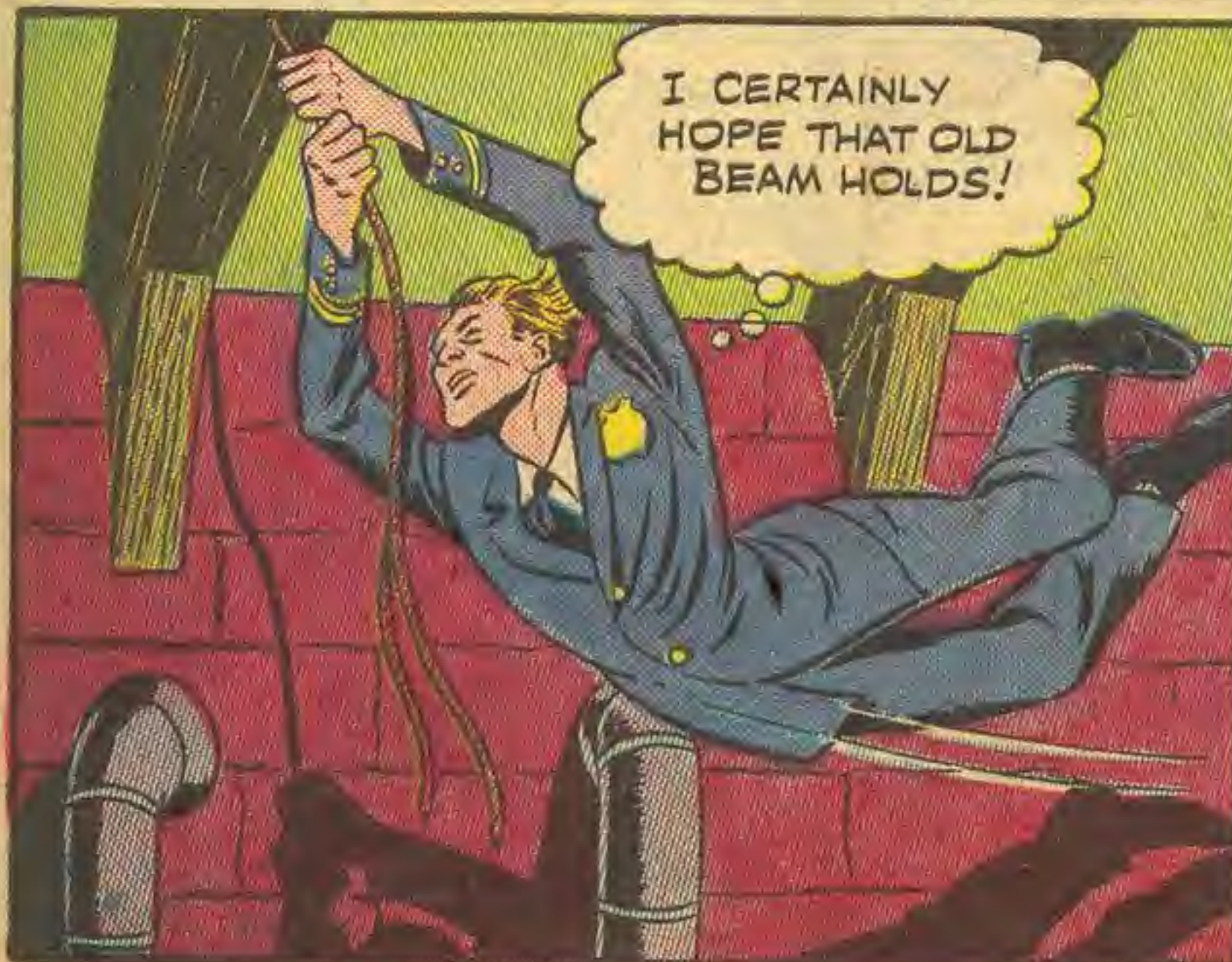
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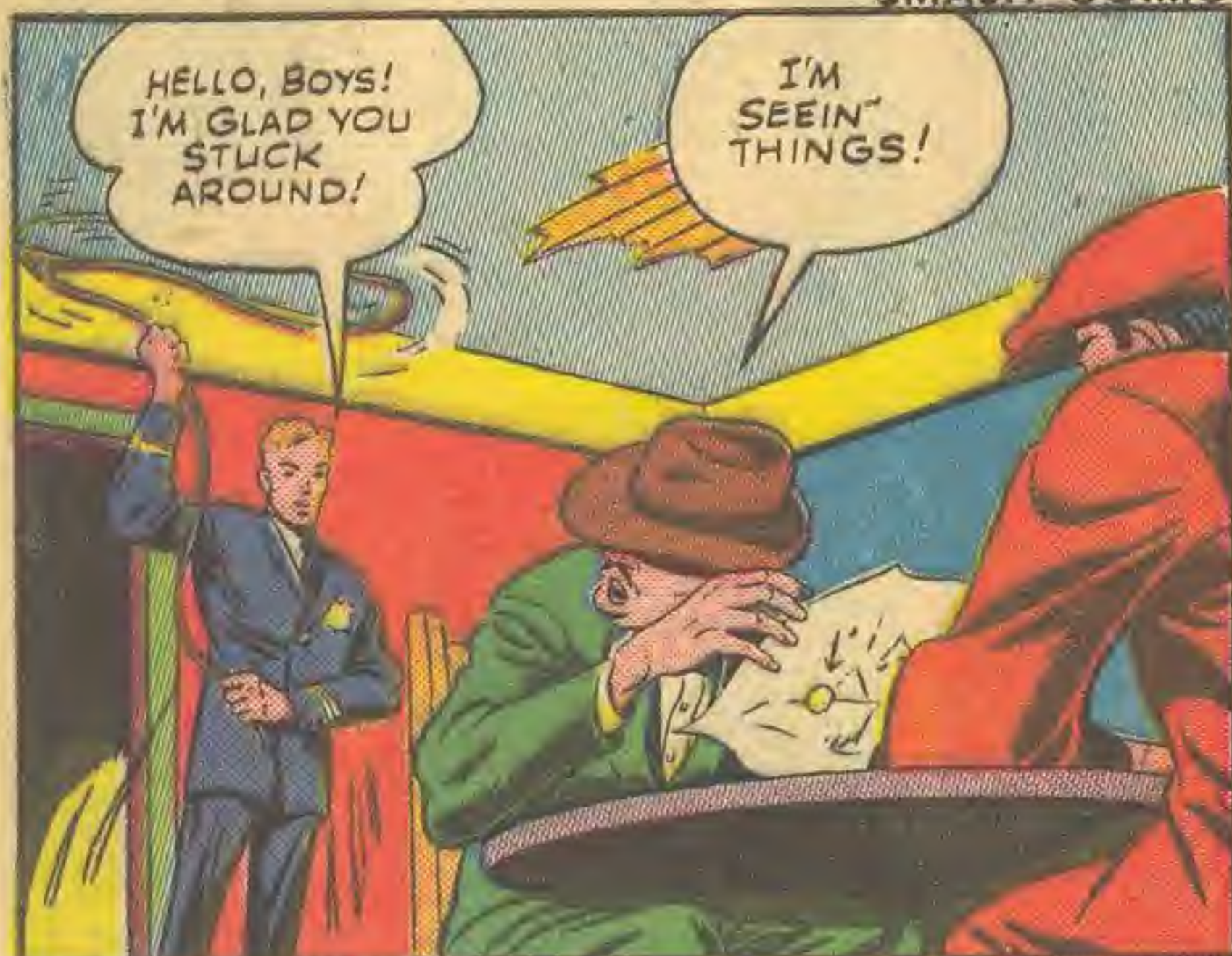


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MY GOLD...
MY MAP... ALL
I HAD IN
THE WORLD!

CHEER UP,
JIM! THERE'S
MORE WHERE
THAT CAME
FROM!



HI,
GRANDPAPPY!
--LOOK! SEE
WHAT I
BROUGHT
YOU!

MY
GOLD!



HERE'S TH'
BIGGEST NUGGET
--FOR YOU,
ROOKIE!

NO THANKS,
OLD PAL!
IT'S ALL IN
THE LINE
OF DUTY!



I'M SORRY
ABOUT ALL
THIS,
ROOKIE!

DON'T
MENTION
IT!



YOU SEE,
JIM'S OLD, SO
WE JUST BRING
HIM ALONG WITH
THE SHOW SO WE
CAN LOOK AFTER
HIM!

I
WONDERED
ABOUT
THAT...



THE POOR
OLD GENT LOOKED
FOR GOLD ALL HIS
LIFE! LAST SUMMER,
THE BOYS COOKED
UP A PLOT... PLANTED
PHONEY NUGGETS
AROUND, AND JIM
THOUGHT HE'D
FOUND GOLD,
AT LAST!

YOU
MEAN...?



HE'LL NEVER
GET BACK THERE
TO OPEN THE MINE! ...
BUT I'M SORRY YOU RISKED
YOUR LIFE FOR A
BAG OF WORTHLESS
GOLD!



NOT "WORTHLESS,"
BOOTS! ... IT'S THE REAL
STUFF TO GRANDPAPPY!
IT JUST GOES TO SHOW
HOW LITTLE IT TAKES
TO MAKE PEOPLE
HAPPY!

ESPIONAGE

with
BLACK X

YOU ARE
GOING TO KILL
THEM, **BLACK X**?
... BUT THEY ARE
ALREADY
DEAD!

LONE-HAND ACE OF ALLIED SPY
SERVICES, **BLACK X** DRAGS
THE WAR SECRETS OF THE ENEMY FROM
THE VERY HEART OF THEIR STRONGHOLDS!
... BUT STRANGEST STORY OF ALL HIS
ADVENTURE TRAIL IS THAT OF THE
FORT ON GLOOM ISLAND, AND
**THE GARRISON
OF GHOULS!**

REPORTING TO THE
COMMANDER IN THE
FAR EASTERN THEATRE
OF WAR...

SIR, I WAS
SENT HERE FOR
SPECIAL ORDERS!

SIT DOWN,
BLACK X! ...
HERE'S A JOB
WHICH WILL BAFFLE
EVEN YOU!

WE'RE PUSHING
THE JAPS BACK FROM
THEIR ISLAND POSITIONS
-- BUT HERE'S ONE
SPOT THEY'RE
DETERMINED
TO HOLD!

I THINK
I KNOW
THE PLACE!
THE SEA
AROUND
THERE IS
FULL OF
MAGNETIC
MINES!

AND THE SKY
OVERHEAD
IS FULL OF
JAP PLANES!
NO BATTLE
FORCE CAN
COME
NEAR!

BUT PERHAPS
ONE MAN CAN!
AND I'LL TRY
TO BE THE
MAN, SIR!



AND SO, AT NIGHT A SPEED BOAT WITH MUFFLED ENGINES STEALS ACROSS THE CONTESTED WATERS OF THE OCEAN!...

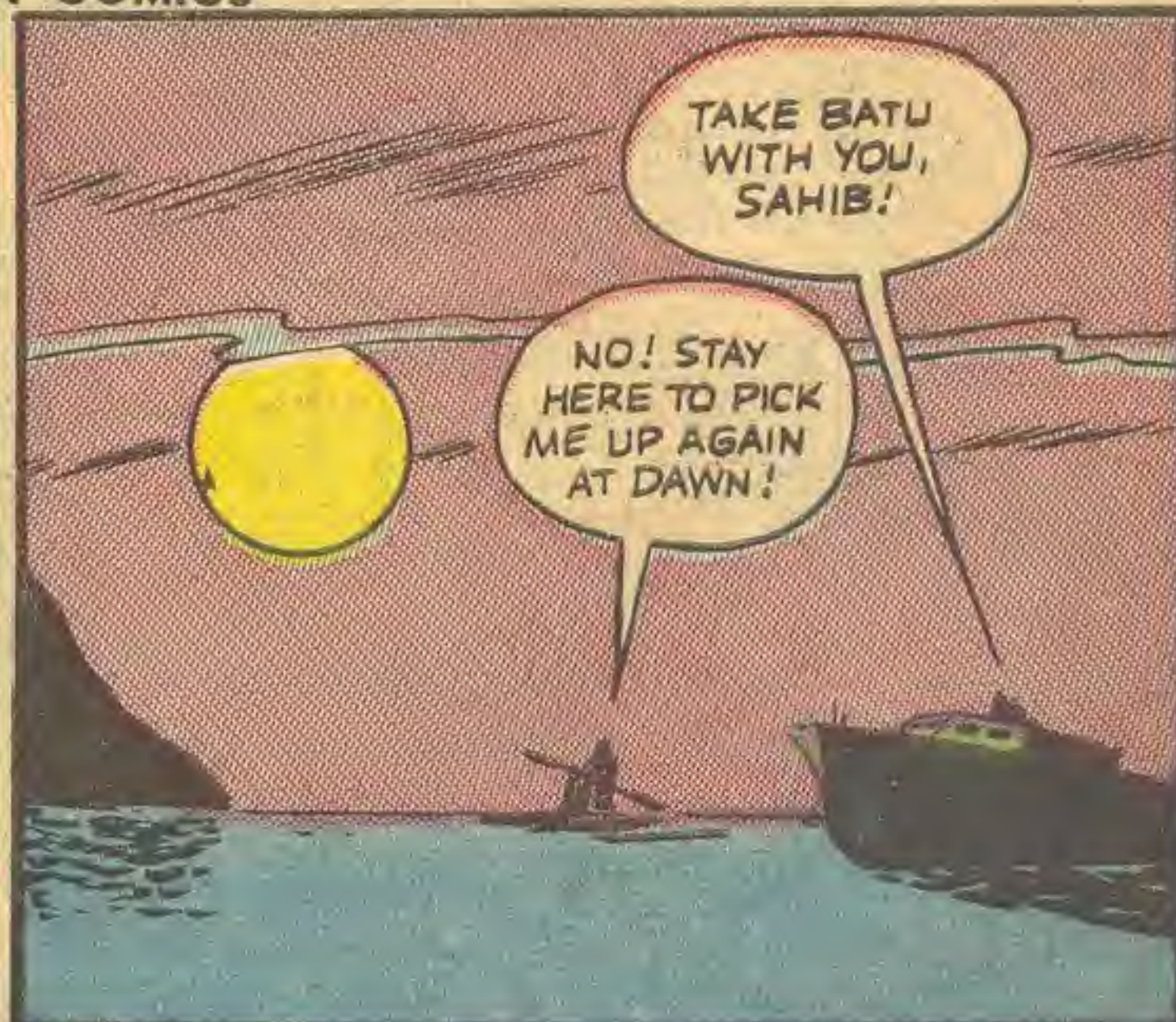
GLOOM ISLAND, SAHIB! ... NO CLOSER IN THIS BOAT! METAL WILL SET OFF MAGNETIC MINES!

THAT'S WHY I'M GOING ON IN THIS KAYAK, BATU! ONLY WOOD AND CANVAS! I'M NOT EVEN CARRYING A GUN TO SET OFF ANY FIREWORKS!



TAKE BATU WITH YOU, SAHIB!

NO! STAY HERE TO PICK ME UP AGAIN AT DAWN!



I CAN SEE THE FORT--UP ON THAT CLIFF!



INHOSPITABLE, THESE JAPS! NO STEPS--NO LADDER! ...NOTHING!



A SENTRY! I'LL HAVE TO JUMP HIM!



HE DOESN'T SEE ME!... HE'S ASLEEP!



YES... ASLEEP! AND SO ARE THESE OTHERS!



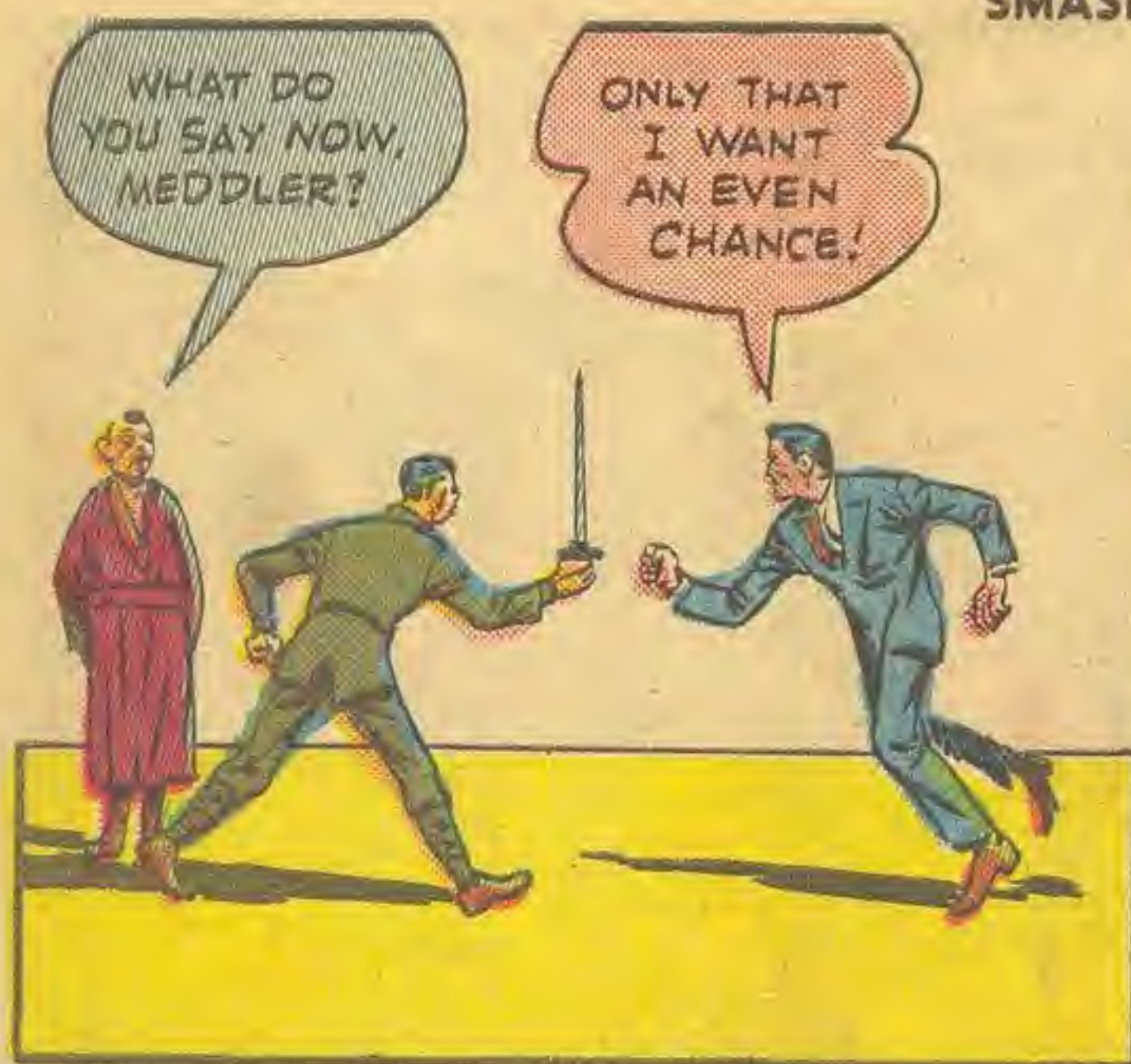
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**AND BLACK X LOWERS HIS HEAD...
DROPS HIS SWORD! ...**



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WUN CLOO



THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE...



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THE MARKSMAN

RUBBER-HARVEST TIME IN BRAZIL!! EVERYWHERE FETES AND FIESTAS CELEBRATE A GREAT NATION'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE RUBBER NEEDS OF THE ALLIES, AS GOOD WILL AMBASSADOR TO THE POLISH GOVERNMENT IN EXILE, BARON POVALSKI VISITS SUCH A CELEBRATION..IN TIME TO MEET THE FLESH-EATING HORROR OF AXIS SABOTAGE AND TO BECOME ONCE MORE, THAT TERRIFYING FIGURE OF DESTRUCTION.....
THE MARKSMAN!!!



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JOAGUA, BRAZIL, WHERE A FESTIVE CROWD WAITS TO WELCOME THE FIRST OF THE SEASON'S RUBBER HARVEST FROM UP-RIVER!

GUEST OF HONOR IS POLISH BARON POVALSKI, WITH ANNA, HIS FIANCEE !!



BARON, IT IS GOOD OF THE POLISH GOVERNMENT IN EXILE TO SEND YOU TO OUR POOR FIESTA !!

WE ARE HONORED, SENHOR MARCOBO!



THE FIRST BOAT-LOAD OF RUBBER SHOULD BE HERE! MY FOREMAN, PEDRO SANTO TOOK THE LAUNCH UP FOR IT MANY HOURS AGO!

ISN'T THAT THE LOAD COMING NOW?

SI! AND THE BOAT IS FILLED WITH BALLS OF LATEX!!

HE MUST HAVE HAD MOTOR TROUBLE! THE LAUNCH IS JUST DRIFTING!



HE'S SO QUIET... EEEEEK!

PEDRO..HE'S ONLY A SKELETON!

BUT PEDRO WAS ALIVE A FEW HOURS AGO AND THIS SKELETON IS CLEAN OF ALL FLESH! ARE YOU SURE IT'S PEDRO!!

POSITIVE! THOSE GOLD TEETH..THE MISSING FINGERS! IT COULD BE NO ONE ELSE!! EVEN IN DEATH HE BROUGHT THE RUBBER THROUGH...

B-BUT THE RUBBER IS GONE! THESE ARE BUT CHUNKS OF WOOD THINLY COATED WITH LATEX!! OUR RUBBER HAS BEEN STOLEN!



SMASH COMICS

A LITTLE LATER, IN THE ROOM RESERVED FOR BARON POVALSKI...

Y-YOU'VE PUT ON YOUR **MARKSMAN** OUTFIT! THEN THAT MEANS...

THAT I'M GOING AFTER THE STOLEN RUBBER AND THE KILLERS OF PEDRO SANTO! YOU'RE RIGHT, ANNA...

ONLY ENEMY AGENTS WOULD SABOTAGE THE RUBBER PRODUCTION AND FLAUNT THEIR MURDER SO OPENLY! THE **MARKSMAN**'S ARROWS MUST STRIKE AGAIN!

THEN I'M GOING WITH YOU..



NO, ANNA! I FOLLOW JUNGLE TRAILS INTO UNKNOWN DANGER! YOU STAY HERE UNTIL I RETURN!!

OH, **MARKSMAN**- PLEASE BE CAREFUL! THE HORROR OF THAT GRINNING SKELETON WILL HAUNT MY DREAMS!

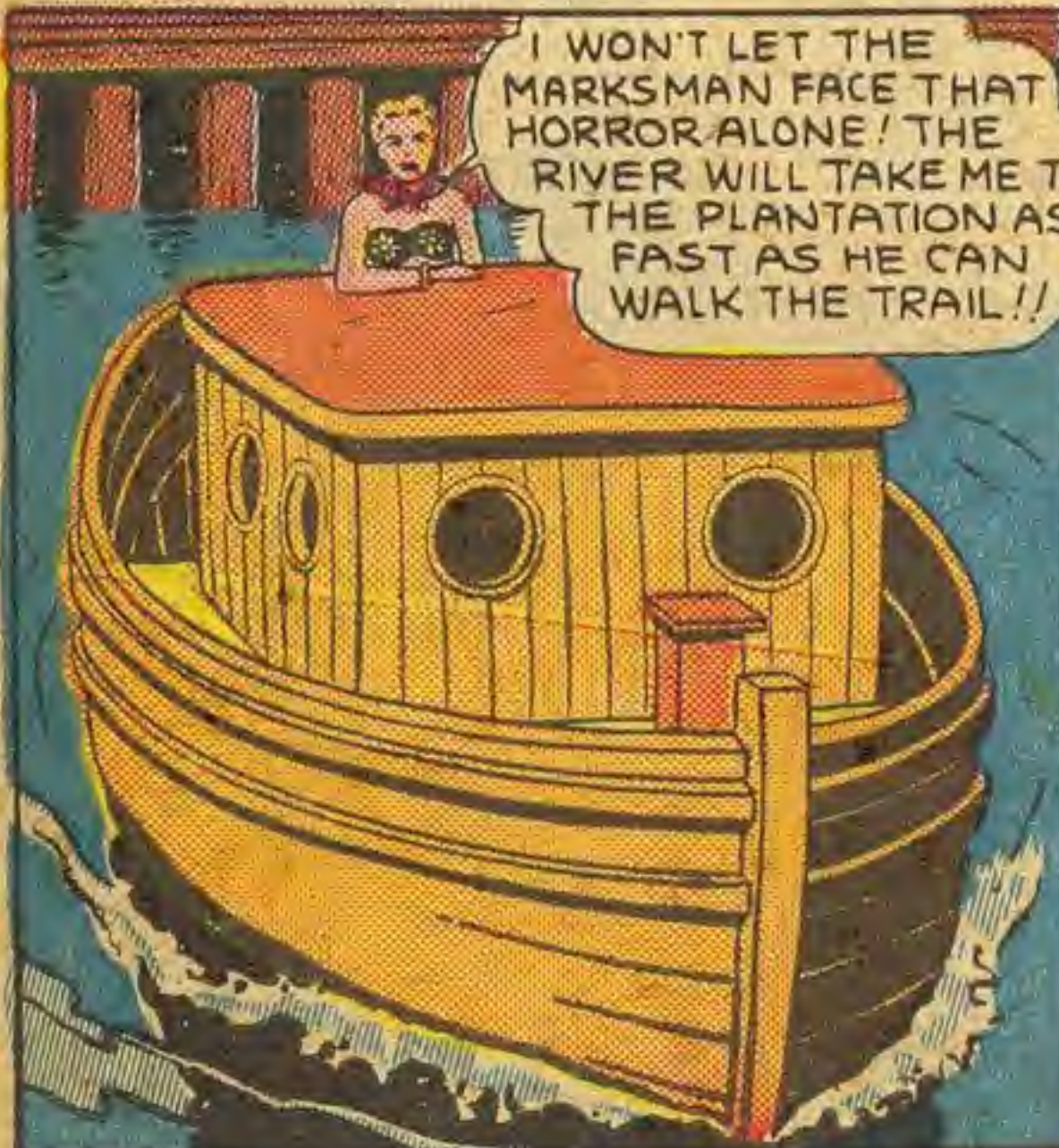


AS THE JUNGLE NIGHT CLOSES IN...

UNLESS MY JUNGLE CRAFT FAILS ME, I SHOULD BE AT THE RUBBER PLANTATION BEFORE DAWN!



WHILE BACK AT JOAGUA, AS DARKNESS HIDES THE CITY...



I WON'T LET THE **MARKSMAN** FACE THAT HORROR ALONE! THE RIVER WILL TAKE ME TO THE PLANTATION AS FAST AS HE CAN WALK THE TRAIL!!

HOURS LATER...

WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE A LOG! IF I HIT THAT...



EEEEEE!! A MONSTER ALLIGATOR!!

OWWROOR!





SMASH COMICS



TO SECRET CAMP...QUICK!
STRANGER WITH BOW
CANNOT CROSS RIVER
TO FOLLOW!

-MMF-

MEN HIDING THERE SEIZED
ANNA! IT'S TOO FAR TO
SHOOT AND TOO FAR
TO MAKE OUT WHO
THEY ARE! BUT I'LL
FOLLOW...

WHA...? SAVAGE CARIB
FISH!! THEY'RE ATTACKING
THE WOUNDED ALLIGATOR,
STRIPPING HIS BONES!!
THE MOST SAVAGE KILLER-
FISH KNOWN!!



THAT'S HOW PEDRO'S SKELETON WAS
STRIPPED CLEAN SO QUICKLY! AND MINE
WOULD BE, TOO, IF I TRIED TO SWIM
ACROSS!!



JAPS - AND
THE STOLEN
RUBBER!

HONORABLE ITO, WE CAPTURE
HER AFTER STRANGE MAN
SHOOT ALLIGATOR WITH
BOW AND ARROW!



FOOLS! THAT MUST BE THE
MARKSMAN! OUR ALLIES
REPORTED HE WAS IN SOUTH
AMERICA!! WE MUST PREPARE
TRAP FOR HIM!!

THE MARKSMAN?
HE IS DEATH,
THAT WHITE
DEMON!!



QUICK, GIRL! TELL US
WHERE MARKSMAN MAY
BE FOUND OR LEARN OUR
EXQUISITE REFINEMENTS
OF TORTURE!!

NEVER!
YOU'LL NEVER
MAKE ME REVEAL
ONE WORD ABOUT
THE MARKSMAN!

SMASH COMICS

YOU SAW WHAT THE CARIB FISH DID TO THE FOREMAN WHO DEFIED US!! WILL YOU TALK - OR SHALL WE LOWER YOU A BIT AT A TIME!

LET MARKSMAN COME! IF HE DO NOT SURRENDER, WE DROP YOU INTO POOL OF CARIB FISH!! NOTHING HE DO CAN SAVE YOU..

MEANWHILE...

ONE SLIP AND I'M CARIB-MEAT...BUT I'VE GOT TO GET ACROSS AND RESCUE ANNA!!



MADE IT! NOW I CAN BREATHE AGAIN - AND HUNT ANNA'S TRAIL!!



A CAMP - AND JAPS!! MUST BE SOME OF THE THOUSANDS WHO SETTLED IN BRAZIL, PRETENDING TO RAISE COFFEE AND RUBBER!! BUT WHERE'S ANNA?



YOU YELLOW RATS! WHEN THE MARKSMAN CATCHES YOU...

THERE SHE IS!! THE RATS ARE HOLDING HER OVER A POOL OF CARIB FISH! IF I SHOOT, THEY'LL DROP HER!! I'VE GOT TO SAVE HER...



IF THIS GAMBLE FAILS - I'VE DOOMED ANNA TO A HORRIBLE DEATH!!



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THE MARKSMAN!!
QUICK - LET THE GIRL
DROP AMONG THE
HUNGRY FISH!



**YOU
MURDERING
BUTCHERS!**



**AIEEE! KILL
THE WHITE
DEVIL!**

**STICK AROUND
SLANT-EYES! I'LL
BE RIGHT DOWN!**



**YOU'RE ASKING
FOR IT, YELLOW-
BACK!!**

**RUSH HIM!
CROWD HIM
INTO THE RIVER
WITH THE KILLER-
FISH!!**



**ONE
STEP BACK
AND HE
DIES
HORRIBLY!
CHARGE!**

**IF
I TAKE
THAT
STEP!!**



**HE
TRIPPED
THEM!**

**IMAGINE
THEIR
CHAGRIN!**

**EEEEK!!
WE FALL!**



**IT'S-IT'S
HORRIBLE-
EVEN FOR
JAPS! I
CANT LOOK!!**

**DON'T-IT'S NEARLY OVER!
THE JAP FIFTH-COLUMNISTS
ARE GONE AND THE STOLEN
RUBBER RECOVERED!! JUST
ONE THING LEFT...**

**FORGIVE ME FOR GAMBLING
ON YOUR LIFE DEAR! I SHOT THE
JAP NEAREST THE EDGE, HOPING
HIS BLOOD WOULD DRAW THE
FISH AWAY FROM YOU
WHEN YOU FELL!**



**AND IT
DID! UGH!
I NEVER
WANT TO
SEE
ANOTHER
FISH!!**

**ANOTHER THRILLING MARKSMAN
STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SMASH COMICS**

SMASH COMICS

LADY LUCK

By K.
Nordling

A FISHING HUT ON
THE COAST... OUT-
WARDLY, INNOCENT
ENOUGH IN
APPEARANCE...



BUT WITHIN...

SECRET POLICE CAN
HANDLE THE JOLLITY
THEATER
AFFAIR!!
VERSTEHEN?



DONNER-
VETTER!!
ONLY OUR
JA
WOHL!!
SIEG
HEIL!!

PLEASE TO NOT MEDDLE!!
HERE IT REQUIRES SUBTLETY
---- BALLOON DANCER'S
SECRET MESSAGES ARE
FOR US ONLY!!!



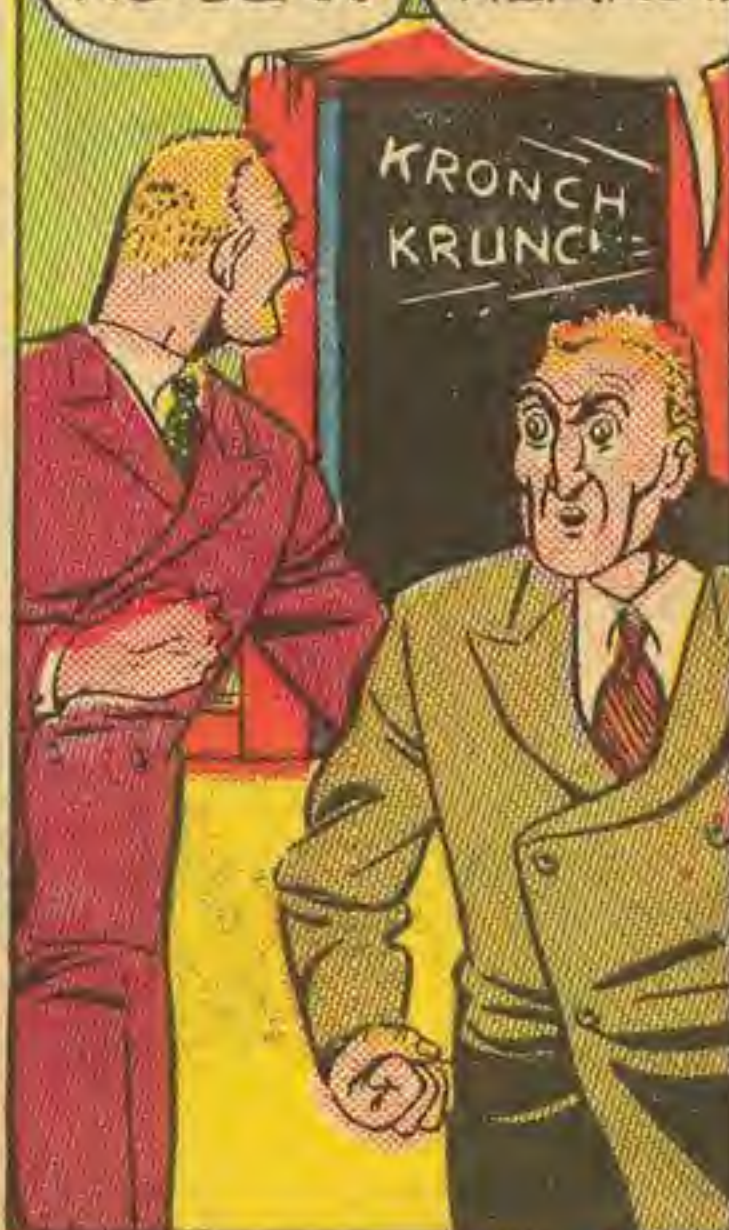
ACH!! YOU
ONLY BUNGLE!
ONLY AN
EFFICIENT
ESPIONAGE
ORGANIZATION
CAN HANDLE
THIS!!

PRECISELY!!
WE SHALL
REVEAL
INEFFICIENT
INFERIORITY
OF OCCI-
DENTAL
MIND!!!



WHAT'S
THAT
NOISE??

SOMEONE
OVER-
HEARS!!

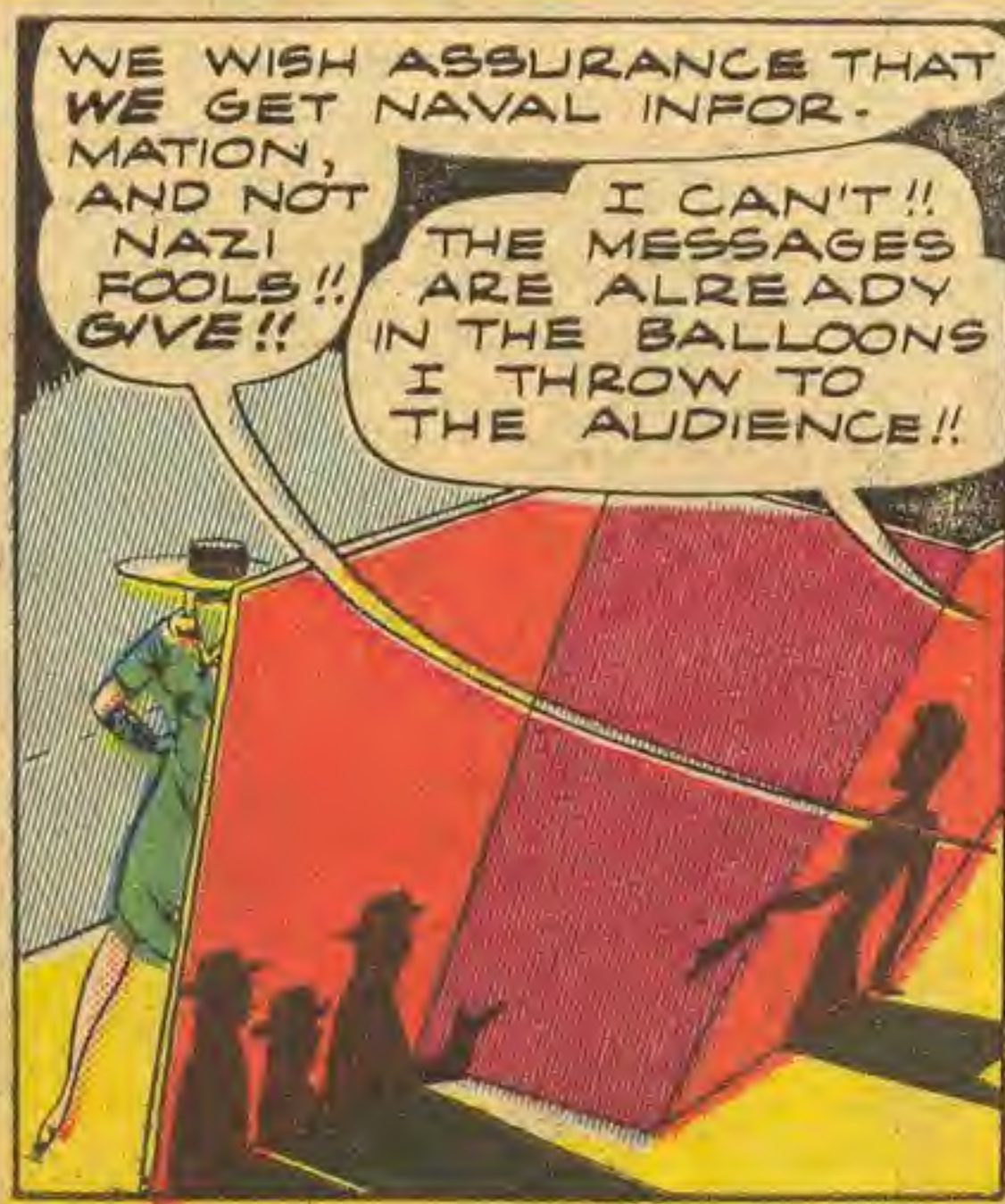


KRONCH
KRUNCH

SHHH...
PEECOLO... WHAT A
TIME TO START
MUNCHING
APPLES!!!



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SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS



DRIP VAN WINKLE

FOR two days, earth, sea and sky had erupted fire and death. Manila was a flaming shambles. From the smoldering ruins of buildings came the cries of the injured people. People who, a few days before the Jap bombing, had felt secure, as had those others before the attack on Pearl Harbor.

I won't forget that aerial attack. As a news correspondent, I was privileged to be present in all sectors. It is only by a miracle—and because of the brilliant thinking and incomparable bravery of a young cavalry recruit—that I am here today, chronicling those stirring events.

This is primarily the story of that cavalry recruit, Dewey Van Winkle—known to his comrades as "Drip." He had acquired that unflattering moniker by his crazy antics. Today the name of "Drip" Van Winkle is graven deep in the hearts of every member of that company. Van Winkle the Drip! Van Winkle the Hero!

I attached myself to the cavalry about two weeks after things began popping in Manila. Horses were something new in my rather varied experience as a newsman. I wanted to see just what mounted troops did in action.

Van Winkle was the youngster in the company. A good horseman—but there everything ended. Drip was simply not cut out for the army. He couldn't—or wouldn't—obey instructions. He was always in trouble with his superior officers for insubordination. He was full of cock-eyed ideas and could be counted on to do something screwy in a crisis.

I remember one episode while our company was in a hot battle in the big market place. We had been under heavy fire for three hours and had lost too many men. The Jap infantry outnumbered us five to one. They were crowding us, fighting in the maniacal manner they have, with no regard for casualties. It looked hopeless for us. Then the commanding officer ordered

a retreat across the market square.

Van Winkle, true to form, twisted completely around in his saddle, facing the enemy at the rear, and poured automatic rifle fire into the Jap ranks. All the time he was yelling like an Indian. Then his horse suddenly reared and pawed the air. Drip went over its sleek posterior and landed standing up, still firing wildly. The comical act saved his life. A burst of machine gun slugs ripped through the empty saddle and the horse collapsed, dead.

We lost a third of our men in that retreat. I acquired a memento of the event myself—a bullet hole through the fleshy part of my right arm. I typed with my left hand for two weeks after that.

We had taken up headquarters in the empty market stalls on the north side of the square. They offered some protection from shrapnel. But after an hour, half of the buildings facing the square were burning fiercely. Our ack-ack fire brought down a score of enemy Zeros, but others kept coming, filling the gaps.

The siege wore itself out toward nightfall and, under cover of darkness, we transferred to a sector near the waterfront. There was a heavy Jap concentration in that area and it was partly up to us to clean it out. We were flanked on two sides by the U. S. infantry.

At midnight the C. O. called for three volunteers to sneak through the enemy lines and blast their ammo dumps. I stepped out and offered my services. This was Commando stuff and I was here to write true stories of action. Right behind me came Drip Van Winkle. Two other men followed.

"Only three men on this job," the C. O. said. "You, Christian (meaning me), you, Akers, and —" He paused, looking at Drip. "All right, Van Winkle. But remember you're on a mission from which you may never re-

turn. See that you obey orders, or—" He let it go at that.

We painted our faces and hands with a dark brown stain, to conceal our light skins. Then we melted into the night. Single-file, we made for the Jap lines, around a bend of the embarcadero. I for one was scared. I felt, in effect, the cold blade of a Jap knife in my back, and the crushing impact of a bullet.

We each had a specific task. Akers, in charge, together with Drip, were to knock off the sentries, while I packed a belt full of grenades, to blast the dump. I had never tossed a pineapple. "Pull the pin, count—one—two—three—heave!" I kept repeating the instructions to myself.

Akers got the first sentry. Drip jumped the second, throttling a Jap yell, but Akers got in the counting trick with judo. I slipped through the gap made by the immobile sentries. I wasn't feeling well; ominous silence hung everywhere. It was too silent.

Van Winkle was beside me, whispering something. I sensed the tenseness of him. And then he moved quickly. The blinding explosion that followed hurled me to the ground. Sixty feet to our left a machine gun and crew shot into the air.

"You—drip!" I groaned. "Now you've done it!"

"Didn't you see?" came back Drip's startled whisper. "They were all set to cut loose at us. They must've heard that sentry I tried to knock over. . . . Heave them pineapples and let's get outa here!"

Maybe he was telling the truth. Maybe he had cat eyes. It was a cinch that I hadn't seen anything.

All this speculation and chatter took much less time than it does for you to read it. The next thing I knew I was pulling pins, counting, and heaving grenades. The first two fell short, but the flashes of their exploding revealed us to the Japs. Drip shoved me, knocking me flat, just as a machine gun began

SMASH COMICS

chattering. Bullets whined over my head. Drip was crawling away from me, clutching a grenade. I followed hastily. Any moment a bomb might fall into our midst.

One did. Just behind me. Its blast threw dirt over me and something icy stung my thigh. Shrapnel! I felt the hot gush of blood.

Drip made the cast that did the trick. The munitions dump tore apart with a roar that left me deaf and shaken. A giant wave of wind flattened us both. I heard screams. Then Drip had me by the hand and we were sprinting wildly. Guns barked everywhere. I don't know what gods of fortune watched over us, but none of those slugs hit us. I still say the Nips are lousy shots.

I didn't know which way we were going, but Drip seemed to. Those cat eyes. . . . My leg pained terribly and it was getting numb. Suddenly in the midst of my shortening strides I found myself running through empty space—dark, vacuous space. I hit the water flat. Drip struck right behind me.

"Swim!" he panted. "They're close."

They were. From the wharf off which we had plunged, red tongues of flame stabbed out.

"Dive under!" Drip gurgled.

I felt the cold water close over my head. I also felt the strange, jarring impact of bullets ricocheting as they smacked the water just above us. It was a good thing they were firing from a flat angle.

I was hobbling around in a couple of days, able to go about my work. Drip had a charmed life. I was convinced that he had

saved my life more than once during that Commando business.

It was not until three days later that I learned the importance of the cavalry in war. The Nips had been pouring it on. The grapevine told us that there was no use trying to hold out against such odds; capitulation was certain. Surrender to the Japs—!

Drip was crazy mad. He swore he wouldn't give up. Not if he had to carry on a one-man war against the enemy!

This is the last entry in my Manila journal. I'll be brief and set it down exactly as it happened. Our cavalry company was hemmed in closely in a heavily wooded park. The enemy was using a trench mortar and every so often a horse and rider would simply vanish in an ear-splitting burst. Those mortar shells are potent. We couldn't last long under such a lethal bombardment.

Jap flame-throwers began eating their way through the trees. We couldn't see where to fire. The Japs had us in a tight one, all right. They kept closing in, narrowing the ring of death for us. There wasn't a chance of making a dash for it. Our radio was smashed. If only we could contact the infantry a mile away—but they had no idea where we were stationed.

I knew what the C O had in mind when he faced us later. He was going to tell us that every man was on his own; that we were forced to surrender.

"Wait!" cried Drip. "I've got an idea!" He turned and sprinted into the ruins of the Manila Museum at our back. A few minutes later a strange apparition clanked out and down the stone

steps. With considerable effort, the bizarre apparition mounted a horse and said, "I'm gonna go get that infantry!" Horse and rider were off then, at a dead gallop.

Nobody said anything. Everybody knew. We all heard the cessation of enemy shooting; the Japs must have thought they were seeing things. But abruptly rifles began roaring. We wondered. . . .

Capt. Angus MacCloud of the U. S. Infantry is going to finish the strange story.

"We saw it coming and we rubbed our eyes. A knight it was! A knight in armour of the 16th century! He fell off his horse before he reached us. It took four men to pick him up, he was so heavy in that iron suit. We got the breast and back-plates off. There was a bullet hole in the back-plate, a .50 calibre slug made it, and there were plenty of other dents from machine gun bullets. There was a hole in the guy's back, too, just under the right shoulder blade. . . ."

That's all there is to the story of Cavalry Recruit Drip Van Winkle. Well, almost. Yes, the infantry got to us in time.

Six months have passed. The Japs have Manila, which is several thousand miles away. Drip is coming over tonight. We're going to do a story together, if Drip has time. Sure, Drip is going back, when his wounds are healed. He's going back to drive the Japs out of the Philippines. You see, there is an intense family pride in Drip. He'll tell you, pridefully, that Dewey took Manila Bay from the Spaniards. And he'll tell you too that Admiral Dewey was his great-uncle.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 of SMASH COMICS published monthly except December and June at Buffalo, New York for October 1, 1943

State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the SMASH COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Martin DeMuth, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

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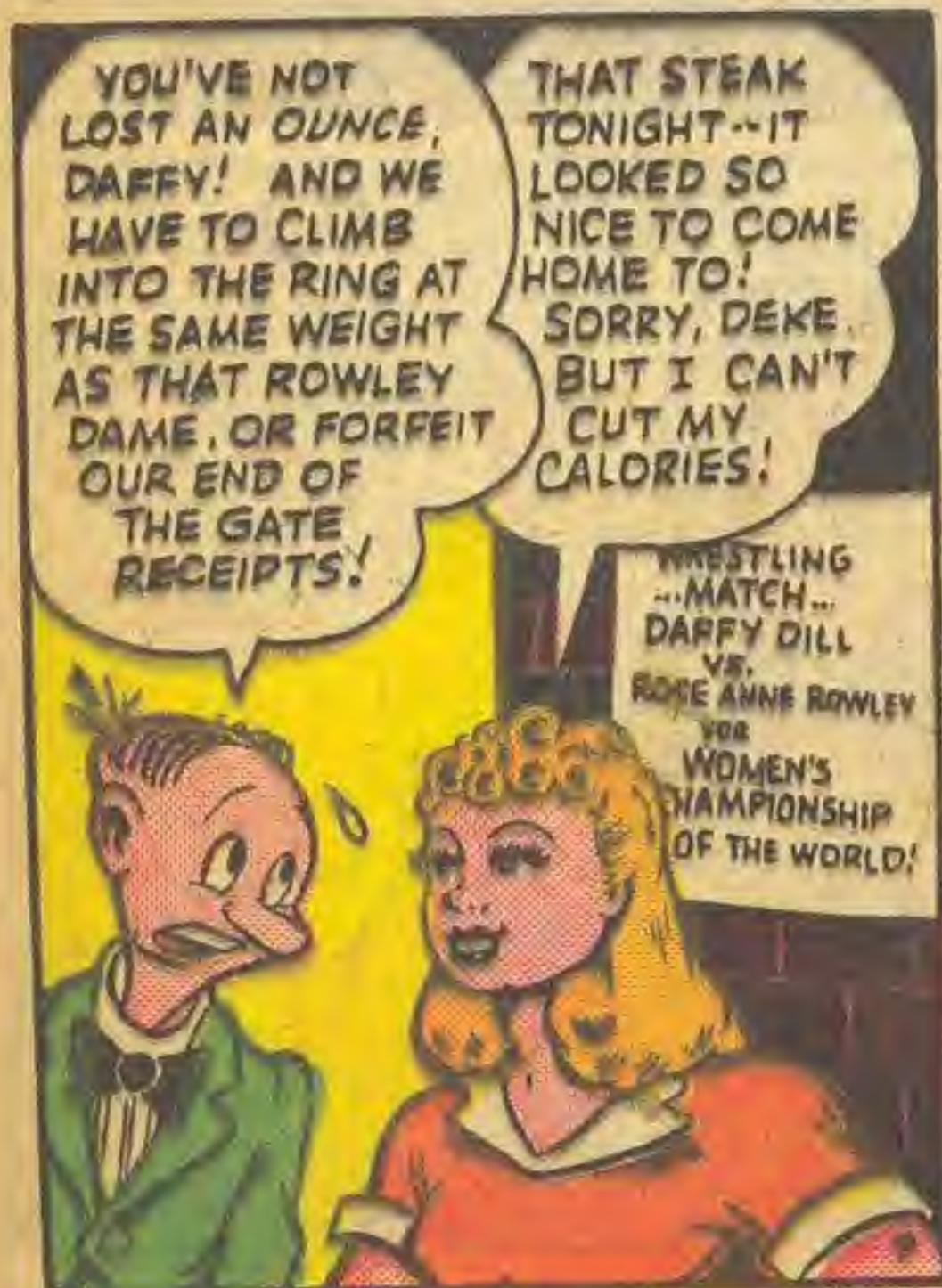
5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mail or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is:
(This information is required from daily publications only.)

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1943

LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (My commission expires February 1, 1944.)

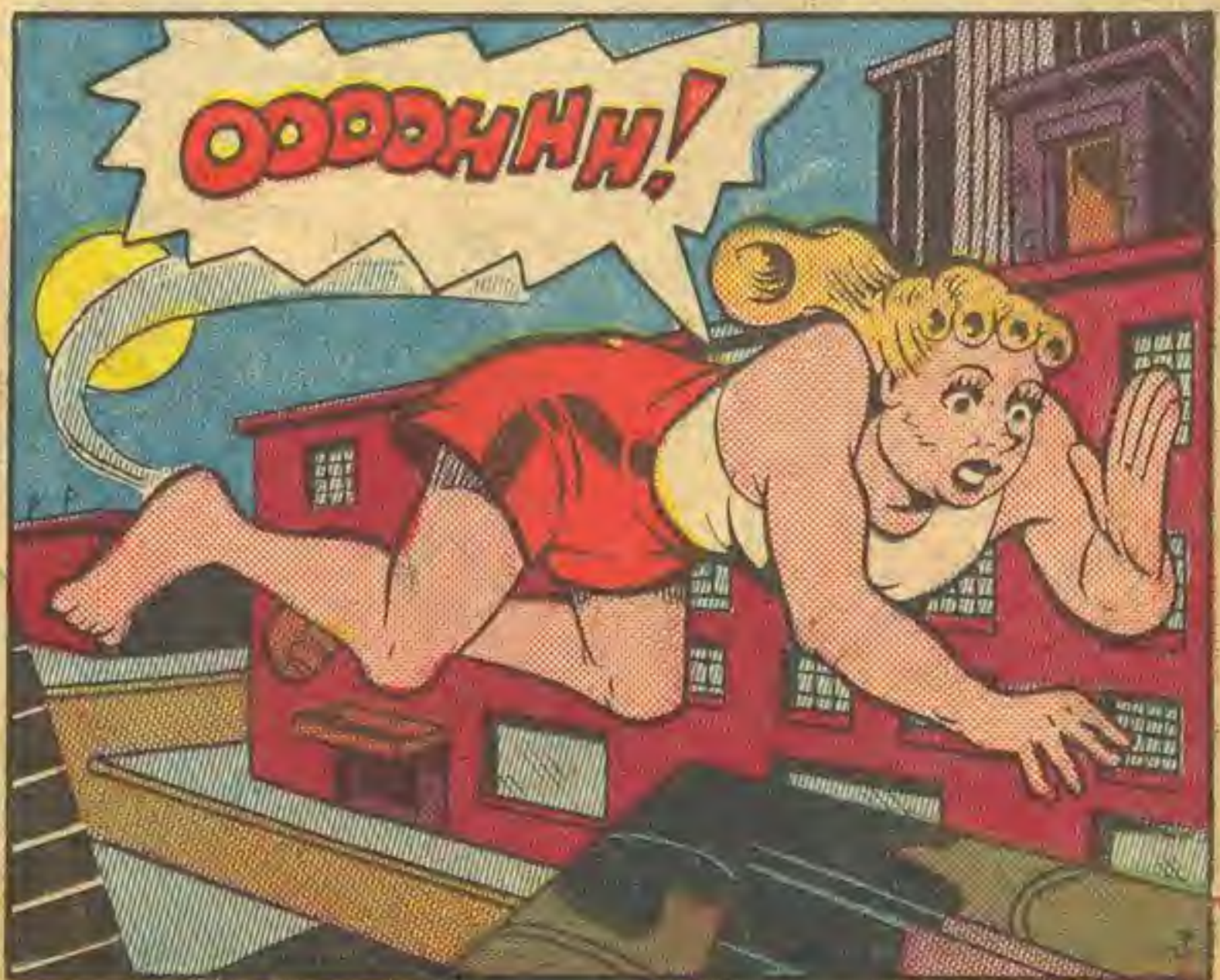




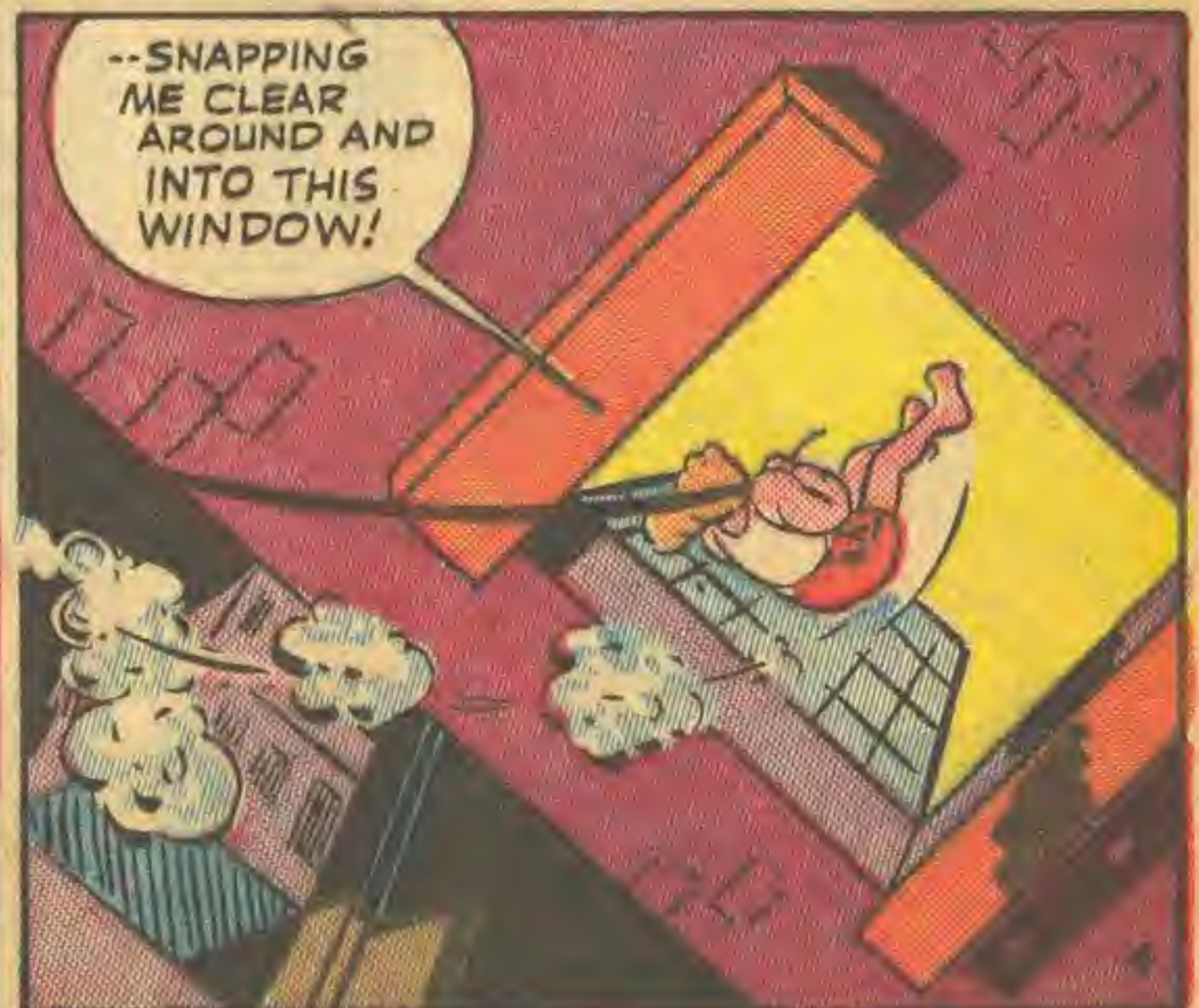
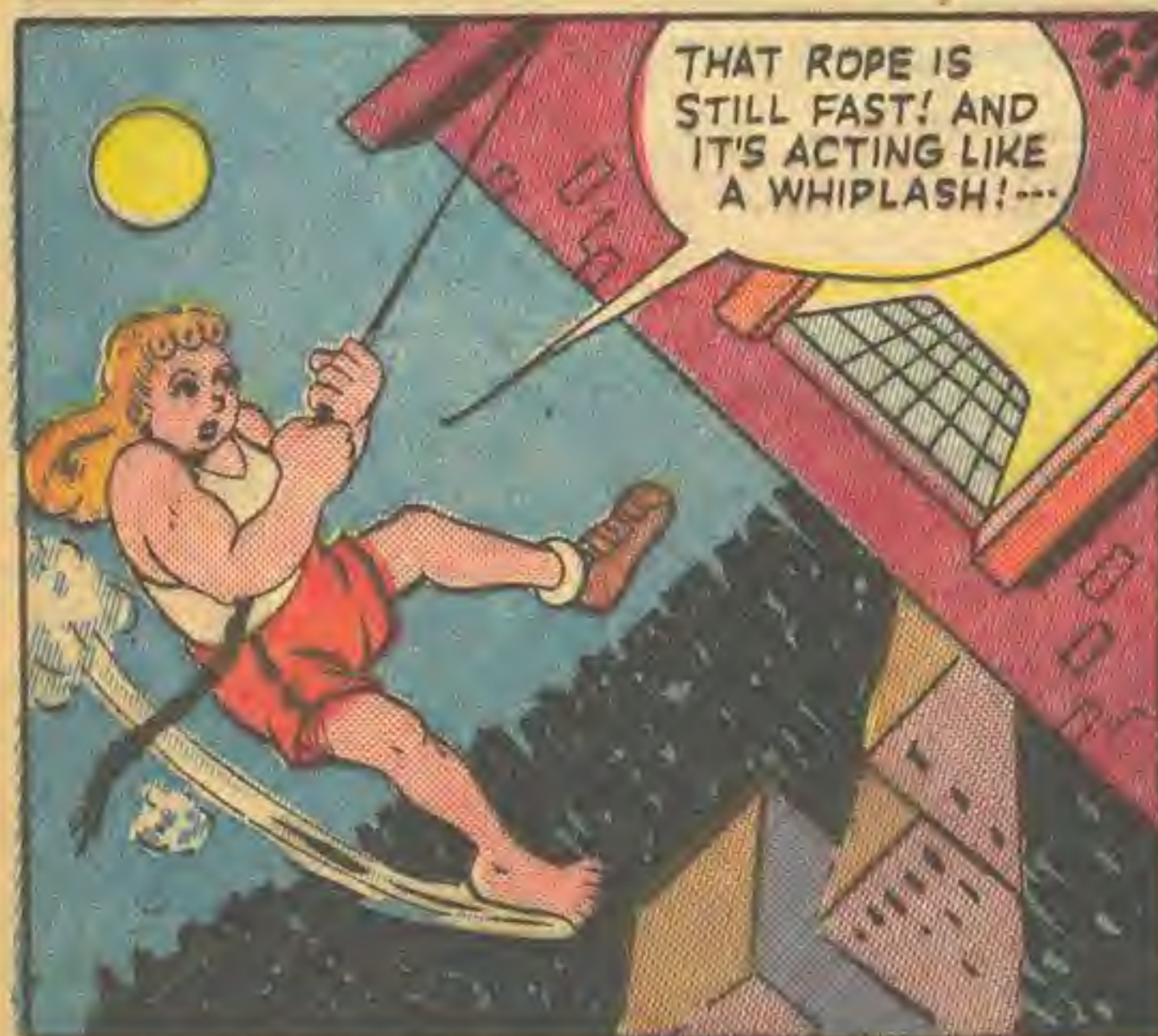
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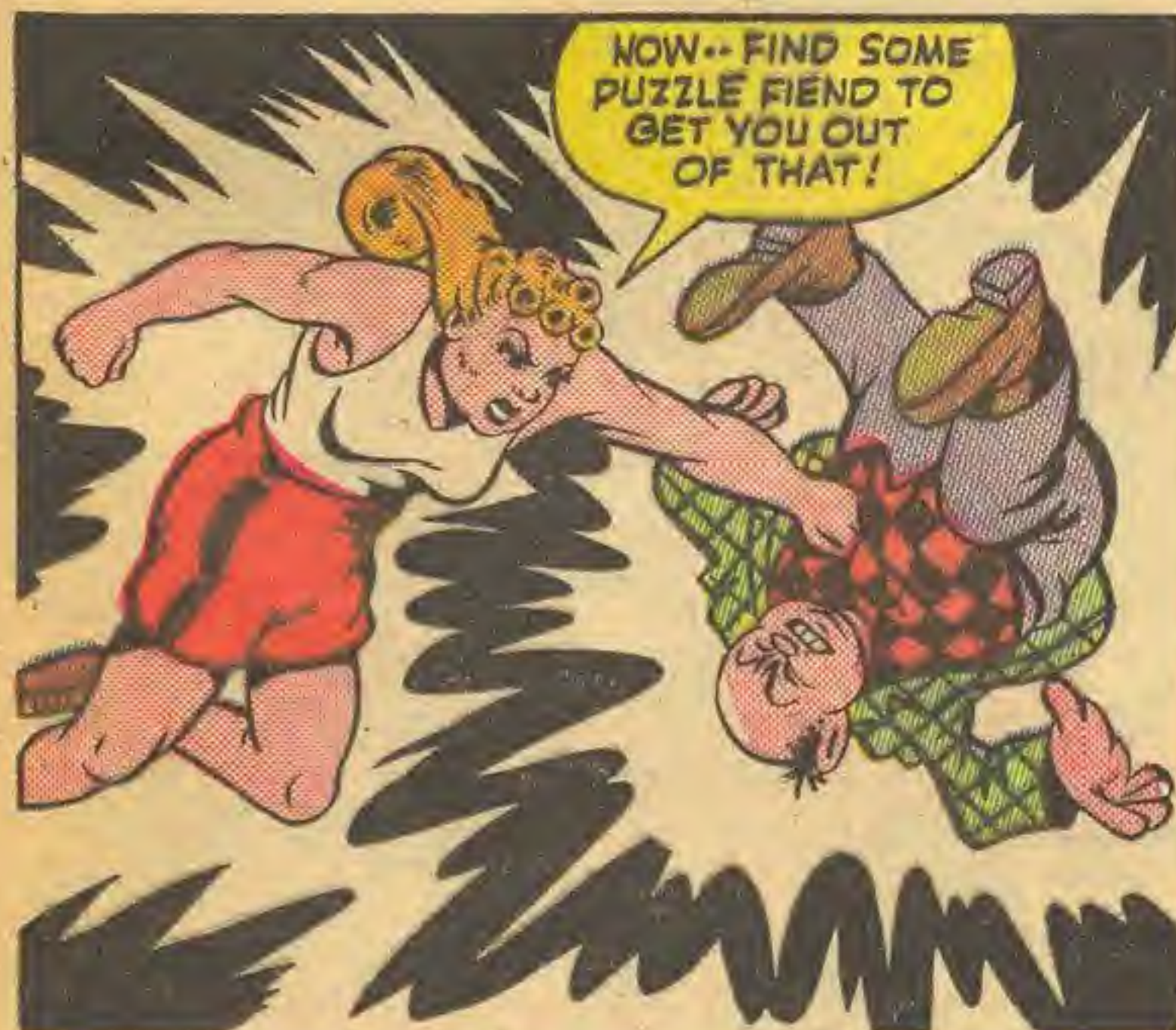
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SMASH COMICS



A DAFFIER ADVENTURE STILL, OF DARING DAFFY DILL WILL GIVE YOU MORE LAUGHS, IN NEXT MONTH'S SMASH COMICS!

The Jester

ALWAYS LOOK ON THE FUNNY SIDE, QUINOPOLIS! THOSE WHO NEVER SEE A JOKE OUGHT TO LOOK IN A MIRROR -- THEY'RE OFTEN THE BIGGEST OF JOKES THEMSELVES!



HE LAUGHS... BUT THE UNDERWORLD CERTAINLY DOESN'T LAUGH WITH HIM! CHUCK LANE, SERIOUS-MINDED YOUNG COP, SWAPS HIS BLUE UNIFORM IN ODD MOMENTS FOR THE GARISH GARB OF THE JESTER--

-- AND THE LAUGHS ARE ALL ON HIS SIDE OF THE BATTLE AGAINST CRIME!

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

WE'RE ONLY TRYING TO HELP YOU, MR. MILES! WE KNOW THAT YOUR DAUGHTER LOUISE WAS KIDNAPPED, AND WE WANT TO CATCH AND PUNISH THE KIDNAPPERS!

BUT I CAME TO ASK YOU TO STAY OUT OF IT! THE RANSOM NOTE SAID THAT, IF I APPEALED TO THE POLICE, LOUISE WOULD BE KILLED!

I REFUSE TO MAKE CHARGES! I'LL DO THIS THING THEIR WAY-- PAY ANY AMOUNT, AGREE TO ANY TERMS -- TO GET MY DAUGHTER BACK!

HE WON'T LET US HELP HIM! I WISH THERE WEREN'T SO MANY POLICE REGULATIONS! THEN, MAYBE---

MAYBE SOMEONE WHO ISN'T TIED BY REGULATIONS CAN SETTLE THOSE KIDNAPPERS!



Later... MILES RETURNS TO HIS HOME...

I TOLD THEM WHAT WE AGREED, DEAR... THAT WE ABIDE BY THE TERMS OF THE RANSOM NOTE!

ONCE MORE, WHAT DOES IT SAY ABOUT OUR DAUGHTER?

Mr. Miles -
It will cost you \$100,000 to see your daughter alive.
If the police barge in, our first act will be to kill her.
We're sending you a contact man.
Watch yourself!

IF ONLY THEY'D HURRY AND GET IN TOUCH WITH US! I'LL GO CRAZY WITH GRIEF...

DON'T GIVE UP, MR. MILES! ... MAYBE YOUR DAUGHTER WILL ESCAPE--YOUR MONEY WILL BE SAVED--AND THOSE KIDNAPPING RATS WILL GET WHAT THEY REALLY DESERVE!

LOOK, DEAR! HE'S DRESSED AS A --A-- JESTER!!

BECAUSE I AM A JESTER! BUT THE UNDERWORLD SELDOM SEES THE JOKE!

THIS IS THE KIND OF CASE I LOVE TO SOLVE! THE TOUGHER THE CROOK, THE BETTER I LIKE TO SOFTEN HIM UP!

IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU TO LAUGH, MR. JESTER! BUT PARDON ME FROM JOINING YOU! IT'S MY DAUGHTER WHO'S IN DANGER!

I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, SIR! AND DON'T THINK I'M MAKING FUN OF YOU OR THIS SITUATION! KIDNAPPING IS ONE OF THE MOST DREADFUL OF CRIMES! I'M HERE TO HELP YOU!

PARDON ME, SIR! A VERY VULGAR PERSON WISHES TO SEE YOU, SIR! THANK YOU, SIR!

I'LL KEEP OUT OF SIGHT DURING THIS INTERVIEW, MR. MILES!

HI'YA, MILESY! SHRIMP TWIST'S MY NAME -- GOT A LETTER AND A TEN-DOLLAR BILL TODAY! SEEMS LIKE I'M THE GUY WHO'S GOING TO BE GO-BETWEEN WITH YOUR KID'S KIDNAPPER!

SMASH COMICS



SHRIMP TWIST WENDS HIS WAY TO THE SINISTER SLUMS WHERE HE LIVES -- FOLLOWED BY A SILENT RANGER OF THE ROOFTOPS...

I KNOW SHRIMP'S RECORD! HE'S NOT THE BRAINS OF THIS PLOT -- NOT EVEN THE SECOND-IN-COMMAND! PROBABLY ONLY A STOOGES! BUT STOOGES CAN LEAD THE WAY!



HE'S GOING INTO THAT BASEMENT APARTMENT! PROBABLY TO LIE LOW UNTIL MIDNIGHT!



DOUBLE LOCK -- THAT'S IT! THIS BIG-TIME STUFF MAKES ME NERVOUS! I'M GONNA STICK TO PICKIN' POCKETS AN' KNIFE-WORK AFTER THIS!

HOW COZY, SHRIMP!



THE JESTER!

RIGHT! AND WE'RE LOCKED IN HERE TOGETHER, AREN'T WE?



OKAY, JESTER! THOSE LOUD COLORS MAKE A SWELL TARGET FOR A KNIFE-THROWER!



I CAN THROW, TOO! ISN'T QUINOPOLIS A CLUMSY LITTLE CUSS TO SPOIL YOUR MARKSMANSHIP?



I GOTTA SPARE KNIFE!

BUT NOT A SPARE MOMENT, SHRIMP!





HERE'S A
COMMANDO
TRICK I LEARNED
FROM MY FRIEND
MIDNIGHT!



GOOD THING YOU NEVER
WENT SWIMMING WITH
ALL THAT CUTLERY ON
YOU! THE WEIGHT WOULD
DRAG YOU TO THE
BOTTOM!



OKAY, NOW! WHAT'S
THE PLAN FOR THIS
RANSOM PAYMENT?
START TALKING,
OR---

I DON'T
DARE! THE
KIDNAP
GUY IS
PURE POISON!
HE'D KILL ME IF
I SAID A
WORD!



AND I'LL HALF
KILL YOU IF YOU
DON'T! BUT, IF
YOU TALK, I'LL
CATCH THAT
KIDNAPPER,
AND YOU'VE
NOTHING
TO FEAR!

I CAN'T TELL YOU
ANYTHING THAT WILL
TRAP HIM! ... I'M
TO TAKE MILES ON
THE WALLINGFORD
TRAIN AT
ONE A.M.---



WE RIDE ON THE
RIGHT SIDE ... WATCH
FOR A RED FLASH
SIGNAL BY THE TRACK
... THEN THROW OUT
THE PACKAGE! NO
WAY TO STOP THE
TRAIN AND GRAB
HIM!

WHO SAID ANYTHING
ABOUT STOPPING TRAINS?
SO LONG, SHRIMP! ..
AND YOU'D BETTER
GO STRAIGHT BEFORE
THE POLICE CATCH
UP WITH YOU!



HE'S GONE!
AND I HOPE I
NEVER SEE HIM
COMING
BACK!

CRASH



ONE A.M. -- AND TWO LATE
TRAVELERS ARE ABOARD THE
TRAIN TO WALLINGFORD...

YOU DON'T
SEEM AS CHEERFUL
AS YOU WERE
AT MY HOUSE!

MAYBE I
GOT THINGS
ON MY MIND,
MILESY!



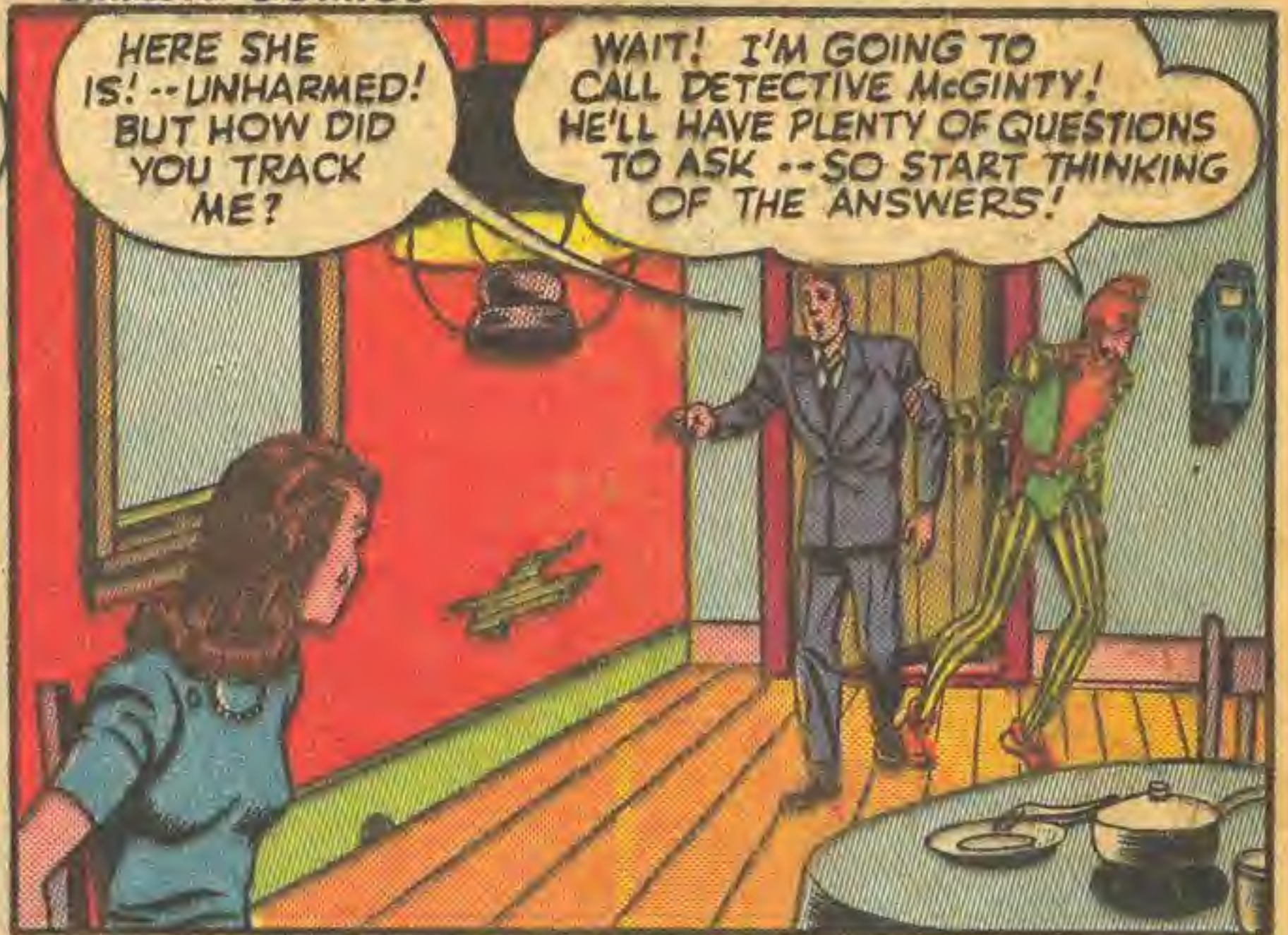
LOOKIT!
THE RED FLASH
SIGNAL! ...
QUICK! THROW
THE CASH!

YES...
AT
ONCE!

SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS



Boys!

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5 POWER TELESCOPE



WITH THIS OFFER

If you order the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun at once, we will include this big 13-inch 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE. It's made with genuine ground, polished glass lenses. Enlarges everything to 5 times its size—brings objects 5 times closer. Perfect for spotting planes, ships, birds, sporting events, etc. We will also include a valuable Airplane Chart FREE, showing 31 Allied and Axis planes in silhouette so that they could be easily identified.

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